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Student's Pen



NOVEMBER, 1935

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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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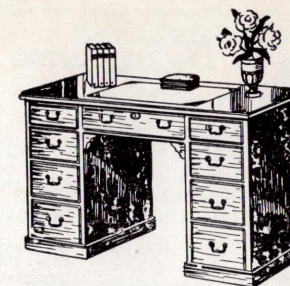


*Service honestly and cheerfully performed
is not merely a duty but becomes
an opportunity and
a privilege.*

ALLEN H. BAGG

Mayor and Mayor-Elect of Pittsfield

On the *Editor's Desk*



CONGRATULATIONS to Coach Stewart and his football team. To come to the last contest of the season without losing a game is an accomplishment of which Pittsfield High School may well be proud.

This is a paragraph we don't like to write. But it's high time some one said something about current high school manners. Now we would all think it silly if we were made to memorize a list of manners or accepted courtesies:

1. *Do not run in the corridors, jostling others and forcing them to give way;*
2. *Be respectful in talking to adults;*
3. *Do not laugh at another's honest mistakes;*

and the like. We know these things. We don't need to be taught them. But we're not following them out. As one of the teachers said recently, the school seems to be having an attack of exceptionally bad manners.

And the pity of it is that it takes so little to be courteous, to have good manners. No one ever suffered or gave up anything because he was polite. But a great many have hurt themselves—as well as making it unpleasant for others—by being impolite and rude. Try the courteous way—you know which it is—and see if it isn't better.

Everyone who drives or rides in a car should read the article *And Sudden Death* on automobile accidents. It's been printed in magazines, papers, *The Reader's Digest*, and in booklet form. If you haven't read it, get hold of a copy. It'll make you think.

Perhaps you've noticed the PEN's new dress this fall—the double column set, the new head types on the feature articles, and the advertisements placed with the editorial matter in the back. You may like it; you may not. In either case we'd appreciate your comment.

Do you know how to study? We're willing to bet that most of you don't. If you have a math test, do you try to memorize a lot of formulas and theorems, or do you *learn* a few and how to derive the others from these? In work for a history test, to give a rather extreme case, do you try to remember the sentence in the book *When the first flowers of spring appeared, Napoleon's army was already on the march*, or do you concentrate on the word *spring*, letting the rest go?

This is important. You can't learn everything. Try to use a little selection in your study: pick out the important or fundamental facts and spend most of your time on them. It'll get you further in less time.

We apologize to Mr. Arthur Palme for an editorial omission in not crediting to him the beautiful photograph of the high school dome in the October issue of the PEN.

And just a word about the gym program for the winter—the best, we believe, ever offered here. Take advantage of it. Make it a point to look it up today.

THANKSGIVING

By Alice Piccini

THANKSGIVING is the time when every one takes a recess from his daily work to give thanks for the things he has received.

"This is all very well," say the cynics, of whom there are too many today, "but in these times we haven't anything to be thankful for."

This may be the feeling that many of our readers have experienced. But just stop and think for a minute. We'll admit that we have had a terrible depression, which has affected practically every one of us, taxing our patience and endurance and testing our character. But it might have been much worse. Have any of you readers ever really been at the point of starvation? I dare say you haven't. I don't claim to know a great deal about economics, but I can realize that we are well on our way out of that depression and that we are now almost at the top again. Isn't that something to be thankful for? Doesn't it make you exceedingly happy to know that your country is made of very fine stuff, enduring that depression without revolt or civil war? It shows that we can "take it!"

The eyes of the world are focussed on the war that is raging across the ocean.

"But," you might ask, "what has that to do with Thanksgiving?"

Just this: we should be more than thankful that we are not involved in it.

Here I have mentioned only a few of the things for which we should be thankful. If each of us looks more closely, we are sure to find many little, personal blessings. So don't be cynical and pessimistic, but look up and give thanks to our leaders—to our country—to God—who have brought us out of the land of gloom.

ARE YOU BORED?

By Richard F. Lacatell

ARE you one of the many students who feel that each day is exactly like every other day? If you find that your school life is a repeated occurrence of nothing very interesting, but do nothing to alleviate the condition, this paper is written especially for you.

It is not difficult to observe that a sophomore forms many habits that he retains till he leaves school. As a sophomore, he takes a seat in the cafeteria and, as a senior, still sits at the same place. Going from one class to another, you follow the same path every day. You see many people; each person is doing as he has done since the beginning of the semester. You look for people at certain places each day. If a person is absent from his place, you immediately sense the fact and wonder at it. Habit is an entertaining study, but it does not make for an interesting passage of time. If "variety is the spice of life," why not rid yourself of a continual boredom?

Recently a columnist told of a well-known man who had found a hundred different ways of going to and from his office. By changing his route often, he could see what many people—instead of a comparative few—were doing. Why not change your route? We do not propose to uphold tardiness, but it is certain that some teachers would be shocked if you were to be last, instead of first, in your seat. Go from your second to third class by way of the basement; pay an equally bored fireman a visit.

Make it a point to change your plan of things now and then. You are sure to make new acquaintances and find new adventures. Go by way of the third floor to your geometry class, and do not be surprised when you pass that test at the head of the list.

Short Stories
and Essays

GOING . . . GOING . . . GONG!

By Richard S. Burdick

A stands for Ajax, who is an unemployed fireman.

B stands for Boppo, who is a punch-drunk prizefighter.

C stands for Crispin, who plays the ocarina, and D stands for Dunklebotz, which is the last name of Ajax, Boppo and Crispin, who are brothers and who live together in two rooms in Mrs. Poppledorf's Place for Particular People over on the East Side, and you know how tough the East Side is, and what a lousy joint Mrs. Poppledorf runs, and you know how tough three brothers can be, especially when they are living together in two holes in the wall—(and if you are so unfortunate as to sometime spend a night in one of those 2x4 holes at Mrs. Poppledorf's Place for Particular People, you will think twice next time before gulping down those poor little sardines that you buy in the flat tin cans at the grocery store on the corner)—so altogether, the Dunklebotz boys have a rather tough time of it.

And if the aforementioned troubles are not sufficient to convince some of you dear readers who are born under the sign of Stubborna (I know there's no such sign, but it always makes a good impression), then go around late some night and listen through the cracks in the wall, and you will hear Ajax and Boppo trying to snore peacefully, but they are having a hard job of it, because they are being kept awake by what sounds like a leaky steam pipe, only it is not a leaky steam pipe—it is Crispin practising My Country 'Tis of Thee

on his ocarina, and soon Crispin's wind gives out and he goes to bed, but no sooner is everyone snoring soundly, than Ajax begins fighting fires in his sleep and starts to holler like bloody murder and climb fire ladders, all of which causes him to kick the covers off the bed, leaving his two brothers feeling like two pickaninnies marooned on an Alaskan iceberg, then about 6 a. m., Boppo jumps out of bed and begins swatting his punching bag and jumping up and down to limber up his legs, and it is about as useless for Ajax and Crispin to try to keep on sleeping as it would be for the previously mentioned pickaninnies to try to keep from freezing by rubbing noses, and if, after you do all this, you are still unconvinced, then I advise you to go around among your neighbors asking for donations with which to purchase for yourself a nice big book of Uncle Wiggly.

But to you more compassionate and erudite readers—to you who appreciate a good story when you see one—there's an interesting episode in the life of the Dunklebotz boys that you might like to hear, it's about the time that . . . But maybe I'd better start from the beginning.

It seems that on Monday night Ajax, Boppo and Crispin are sitting at the open window, listening to Mrs. Gugenheimer's radio across the alley. Mrs. Gugenheimer is considered to be the aristocrat of the neighborhood, because she not only has a radio, but she also has an electric flatiron, and everybody knows this because every Saturday night

A-HUNTING

We want essays for the PEN. This month we haven't any—because we saw hardly more than one or two. Our readers like to read essays—and next month we're going to give 'em to them.

We want you to write us some essays. Make them interesting—humorous, if you can—and keep them under 1,300 words. Put them in the PEN box in the office or leave them in Room 233 on or before Monday, December 9.

when Mr. Gugenheimer—whose first name is Napoleon—comes home from work, Mrs. Gugenheimer always hollers out just before he comes in, and asks him if he's got any of his pay left, and if Napoleon answers yes, then everything is okay, but if Napoleon answers no, then he meets his Waterloo, because Mrs. Gugenheimer opens the door and heaves the flatiron at him, and Mrs. Gugenheimer is a pot shot—which accounts for why Napoleon Gugenheimer's profile bears a slight resemblance to an outline map of Africa. But tonight everything is peaceful in the Gugenheimer household on account of Papa Gugenheimer, Mama Gugenheimer and the twelve little Gugenheimers are all gathered around the radio listening to the weekly Amateur Hour sponsored by the Gleamibrite Toothpowder Co., Inc., you are all acquainted with their immortal slogan:

*To make your teeth sparkling and white,
By all means . . . Use Gleamibrite!*

And across the alley are the Dunklebotz boys, listening enrapturedly while a Brooklyn hill-billy yodels the twenty-seventh verse of *You Stole My Wife—You Horsethief*, or some such tender ballad.

When suddenly Crispin jumps up and says like this:

"Hey, you mugs, I've got an idea!" Which of course is a great shock to Ajax and Boppo

who think maybe Crispin is overcome by the fumes of Mr. Yarbowitz's cheap Manila Hemp stogie, which Mr. Harbowitz tosses into the alley a few minutes ago, but they soon see that nothing is the matter with Crispin and that he really has a brainstorm, so they unbuckle themselves from the window sill in order to fully digest his idea.

Crispin then tells them how if a guy what is nothing but a sodajerker in Brooklyn can go on the Gleamibrite Amateur Hour and not get the gong, when all he does is warble a sentimental cowboy song almost as long as the book of Anthony Adverse, then the Dunklebotz boys, who sing for the weekly get-together of the Royal Flush Poker Club, and who are never once thrown out, ought to be able to go on that Amateur Hour and cop first prize as easily as shoveling Mrs. Poppledorf's cold beans under their plates on Saturday night.

At first Ajax and Boppo are not so sure that Crispin has such a hot idea because, after all, the boys in the Royal Flush Poker Club are usually so busy pulling aces from their sleeves that they don't even notice it when Ajax and Boppo occasionally forget the words, or Crispin hits a sour note on the ocarina, but Crispin is really the leader of the three, due to the fact that he is the one who has the necktie, and it is not long before he convinces the other two they should take a chance.

So for the next few nights the boarders in Mrs. Poppledorf's Place are kept awake by strange noises emitting from Apartment 17, and though they call in Officer O'Shaugnessy to quell the storm, it does no good, because it seems that Officer O'Shaugnessy has a secret passion for the ocarina and is always getting bawled out for waking up Sergeant O'Flannigan when he is on duty at the desk, and it also develops that Officer O'Shaugnessy is a devoted user of Gleamibrite toothpowder on his lower teeth, (the upper ones being false), therefore it is useless for the tenants to sum-

mon Officer O'Shaugnessy for aid, and thus the boys are able to practise in undisturbed peace, so that is how it comes about that on the following Monday night they are anxiously awaiting their turn on the Gleamibrite Amateur Hour.

While they are sitting in their chairs lined around the wall, Crispin happens to see something flutter to the floor beside him—it is a handkerchief. He looks to the person seated next to him, whose handkerchief it obviously is, and that person is a she, and She has two very deep blue eyes, so deep that Crispin, who has brown eyes, feels himself falling farther and farther down into them, and just as he is about to strike bottom, he clears his throat and says like this:

"Excuse me, but you are dropping your handkerchief a minute ago." And she smiles at him and says this way: "Thank you, would you be so kindly as to pick it up for me?" But Crispin is already picking it up, and he gives it to her and says like this:

"Here is your handkerchief." And she says this way: "Thank you for my handkerchief, you are so kindly." And Crispin speaks like this: "Not at all, what is your name, and what are you doing on the Amateur Hour?" And she says as how her name is Xantippe Makushla, and she is singing *The Flowers That Bloom In The Spring*, Tra-la on the Amateur Hour, and what is Crispin doing? So Crispin says as how he is playing the ocarina while his brothers harmonize on *My Bonny Lies Over The Ocean*, then they talk about this and they talk about that, and soon they are head over heels in what Bill Shakespeare would compose a sonnet about, but which your humble chronicler can only call *Love*, then Crispin introduces Xantippe to Ajax and Boppo, saying as how Ajax is a fireman with no fires to fight, and Boppo is a punch-drunk prizefighter who has been pummeled so much that he goes around in a continual daze, and whenever he hears a bell ring, he immediately jumps about and begins sock-

NEXT MONTH

The December issue of the STUDENT'S PEN will bring you:

Holiday stories by your favorite school authors;

Who's Who and Why—pictures and write-ups of the prominent boys in Pittsfield High;

An article on money—the third in the PEN's autumn series of articles on the necessities of life;

Several full pages of school news—a preview of the Senior Play and items on the Junior Prom, the Debating Club's winter debates, and the graduating class;

Sports—basketball, hockey, winter sports;

A page of book notes, and two pages of gossip by ant kitty and Uncle Len;

And the advertisements, to help you pick out those last-minute gifts.

ing whoever has the misfortune to be near him, and Xantippe crosses her fingers and says as how she is glad to meet them, and she is about to say more when her name is called and she goes up to the microphone.

Now no one is so cruel as to say Xantippe has not a good voice, but beside her, a nanny goat nannying for its supper would be placed in the same category with Jenny Lind, all of which makes Freeman Peterson, the Master of Ceremonies, most happy, because so far this evening no one is getting the gong, and Freeman loves to bong his little brass gong, so with a smile of contentment illuminating the features of his rubicund face, he takes the bloom out of Xantippe's flower song with a startling bong on the gong, which is a very unwise thing for Freeman to do.

Because as soon as Boppo, whose nerves are especially taut tonight, hears that "GONG!", he immediately jumps to his feet and begins pummeling the guy next to him, who happens to be a fellow that plays a home-made instrument that resembles the steam

calliope, and the instrument gets its power from a tiny fire in a small metal box beneath it, and when Boppo starts wiping up the floor with this guy, the box of fire becomes disconnected and the blaze catches onto a sheet of music that another person is holding and this person becomes frightened and drops the sheet of music onto the floor, setting fire to the carpet, then Crispin and Ajax pile onto Boppo before he kills his victim, and everybody is screaming and hollering at once, and all Freeman Peterson can do is ring frantically on his gong, then he happens to look up into the gallery and who does he see but Justinus P. Taddler, President of the Gleamibrite Toothpowder Co. Inc., who is dropping in to see his program, and with J. P. is a group of directors. Now this is too much for Freeman, who suddenly feels quite faint and falls senseless to the floor, right in front of the blazing carpet! Everyone is so busy trying to take care of himself that no one notices poor Freeman except Ajax, who leaves Crispin to take care of Boppo, and dashes over to grab Freeman from in front of the fire, then he picks up the part of the carpet that is not yet touched by the fire and with it smothers the blazing part.

Meanwhile, Crispin succeeds in calming Boppo and sits him in a chair, where he clips him a knockout blow on the jaw, and when Boppo wakes up he finds himself on a cot in a cell at the City Jail, and across the cell are Crispin and Ajax, playing tick tack-too on the cell wall, and Boppo says like this:

"What is happening, mugs?" They growl and tell him how the police come and drag them away, and they are about to give him a very unconventional reprimanding, when the cell door opens and an officer comes in and speaks this way:

"Come on—youse boids c'n go now." They look at each other dumblike, then, fog-gily, they follow him through the corridors and into the desk room where they find Xantippe and a distinguished looking man with a

white mustache and a cane, and Xantippe introduces the distinguished looking man to them as Justinus P. Taddler, and not only is Justinus P. Taddler President of the Gleamibrite Toothpowder Co. Inc., but he is her father as well! Then J. P. says as how he is glad to meet them and goes on to explain how Xantippe, whose real name is Velia, is always annoying him with her singing, so he dares her to take a ridiculous name and go on his company's program, because he knows she will get the gong, and he is glad she gets the gong because maybe now she will not be so certain about her singing ability, and he also tells the Dunklebotz boys how he and some directors are dropping in to see last night's program and are very bored until the boys start to liven things up and he and the directors have the time of their lives, but are glad no serious damage is done, and his daughter tells him they are out of work, so he is going to repay them for the good time they gave him by giving them jobs.

And that's about all there is to this story. Ajax is now a fireman at the Gleamibrite factory and he has a special little gong all for himself that they ring when they want him, which isn't often, because they don't have many fires at the Gleamibrite factory, but he gets his pay envelope every Saturday night—fire or no fire, and Boppo is chief bouncer of obnoxious characters at the factory, and whenever some troublesome person does not wish to leave the premises, Boppo also has a little gong which he rings for himself, and that person soon finds himself between the sheets at the Charity Hospital.

And as for Crispin . . . well, Crispin now fills the place on the Gleamibrite Amateur Hour formerly occupied by Freeman Peterson—with the gong and everything!—and Crispin and his wife Velia have a son, whom they call Justinus II and of whom they are most proud, for already, under his papa's guidance, Justinus II can play the first eight bars of *My Country 'Tis of Thee* on his ocarina.

LIFE'S FANGS

By Dorothy Klein

DARK, foreboding shadows were adding a grim touch to the pitiful scene of Mrs. Talmas's lonely departure from this world. Lying there, a pale mask enveloping her once beautiful face, the last lingering moments of life were scarcely distinguishable from her inescapable fate—death. Words failed the kindly old Dr. Sumter, who alone with Nurse Grayson, her sole companions, had seen the last sparks of her life flit away.

They had been summoned by Miss Campion, the matron of the Oaks Home for Aged Women, only an hour before to attend an ailing woman. But to Dr. Sumter's dismay, his medical knowledge could be of no use, for Nature had taken her undaunted course and had strewn her path with obstacles unconquered by human research. Rising from his chair beside Mrs. Talmas's bed, the doctor, upon the disturbing entrance of the matron, broke the melancholy silence with the direct, accusing words,

"Miss Campion, I have attended many cases of pneumonia and what I shall say to you now comes from my actual contact with such cases. Mrs. Talmas's death was caused by utter, heartless neglect."

These last words obviously affected the matron. Her beady eyes were unable to meet the cold stare of the doctor; her face, drained of all signs of life, turned ashen; and nervously she commenced to offer a weak explanation of how Mrs. Talmas's death had come about.

Thus closed the concluding chapter of Mrs. Talmas's life. But to the matron it was something which could not be forgotten easily. Now, at the realization of the seriousness of what she had done, her life grew painfully unbearable. The doctor's words became clearer and louder to her each moment of the days that followed; his accusing eyes seemed to follow her as one's shadow does; and his

accusing fingers appeared everywhere to brand her mercilessly as the murderess of the deceased woman. And wasn't she just that? Had she not killed Sarah Talmas? True, she had used no tangible weapon, but had she not been just as successful with her own inimitable way as with a gun or a knife? Such were the tormenting questions which now surged through the mind of this once steel-nerved woman.

Weeks passed and still no relief came to her troubled thoughts. It was in such a nervous state that she found herself one stormy evening in February, thinking of her bygone youthful days. She was no longer the cold, austere head of this Old Women's Home, but once again her girlhood days became a reality. She was "Marge Darlin'" the only child and shining light of the influential Major Campion. She was reliving her happy and carefree college days when she and her closest friend, Sarah Talmas, had been the most popular girls on the campus. And then she was coming home, having finished college in the highest of glory, to settle down to a socially prominent and active life. Oh yes, she mustn't forget her first trip to Europe with Sarah—her father had allowed her to go abroad as his graduation gift.

How happy she had been for the first few months after college! But how quickly she had learned that life included more complexities than the mere trivialities she had been used to considering important. Her twenty-third birthday party next rose clearly before her—she had announced her engagement to Lawrence Milton. It was only after two weeks of the greatest happiness that she had discovered the blind mistake of her choice. Once again she relived the painful moment when she had discovered Larry and Sarah deeply engrossed in each other. Once again

she relived the painful humiliation of publicly announcing that her marriage would not take place on the appointed date. Life indeed was striking her with its sharpest fangs. Soon to follow this heartbreaking blow was her father's untimely death, and, at last, unable to continue in the presence of her sorrows she had decided to go away somewhere—anywhere—but miles away from there, her home town.

"Oh, dear God, why, why was I destined to such misery and unhappiness?" screamed the matron, rousing herself violently from her

reverie, "I can't stand this any longer. Now, after all these years of torture, to be branded as a murderess." And then becoming uncontrollably hysterical, she cried out, "I'm glad I let her die! She killed me thirty-nine years ago and now—"

But Margaret Campion was not to finish that last sentence, for the sharpest of all life's fangs selected that moment to strike. Those who found the matron's body the next morning were thoroughly convinced that she had struggled madly to escape the clutches of something fierce.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE

By Elinor Moynihan

IN the mellowness of Thomas Craig's advancing years he felt an increasingly compelling urge to renew the scenes of his youth in beautiful Lancashire, of English fame. The soft, misty countryside with its peaceful hamlets along the gently flowing Tyne brought ever recurring images of beauty and peace to this aging man.

The time had arrived when "old man Craig" could satisfy his life long yearning to paint. Endowed though he was with the gift of expressing his sensitive perceptions of life about him in rich and vibrant tones and hues, nevertheless, this desire had been stifled by his Presbyterian elders, who brought him to a New England farm, there to wrestle with the forests and fields and thus serve the Lord in righteousness. Now as the final detail before sailing for England, he had summoned to the homestead Lawyer Bascom and the two Craig sons to receive formally the title to Brookbend Farm.

"Just here, Mr. Craig, if you please, is the line for your signature."

"They think I'm in my dotage!" mused the man . . . which was the exact reflection of the sons, impatient to be off to their country club.

The ink had dried on the pen, but still the country gentleman fondly gazed down the valley.

* * * *

Through the meadow, lush and softly toned in varied shades of green, the lively little brook wended its way. Long grasses were bathed in its limpid waters as it hastened around the bend under the old covered bridge. The day Thomas Craig had followed the brook to its source in a tiny, bubbling spring in the woods, where the first modest violets were beginning to bloom came back to him so clearly today. Blushing arbutus had peeped from the leaves, and it was here that a merry spring supper had been spread by his dear Helen for her happy family of Dad and Bob and Ed.

While the happy-hearted boys scrambled through the woods, he and she looked down lovingly at the dear old homestead that had withstood for so many decades the buffeting of New England's relentless weather. There it stood out on the landscape, white, trim, rambling and quaint, with its many small-paned windows, and the green shutters as verdantly gay as the rolling fields about it. Neither of them could voice the fear that in a

few short days they might be leaving it forever, unless the lost document could be found. This paper had been given to Craig's grandfather in 1801 by Caleb Sprague, when he sold the land to the family. Because of the inaccuracy of many early titles, Sprague had given this legal appendage with the deed, thereby clarifying in every aspect of land ownership. The paper had been put in grandmother's small desk, but later it disappeared.

Although no mention of this serious matter had ever been made outside the home, Caleb third, a lawyer, must have sensed its loss with the skilful cunning that had made him the usurer of the region. On the father's death, he had come to Craig and demanded the home. Argument was of no avail . . . He owned simply the land, not the buildings thereon. Sad was the day when they were forced to carry their dear possessions to the waiting farm wagon. Clumsy but well meaning Lucy Parsons, the hired girl, in her bewildered willingness to be helpful, attempted to carry the desk down the narrow back stairs. A splintering crash, and the antique desk reached the back porch in several parts. Young Bob, with his keen observation of details, pulled out of the wreckage a dusty, yellowed paper with a bit of red silk adhering to it, the legal surety of the early New England court! Great the rejoicing as they mingled their tears of happiness with the beloved old furniture, as they set it again in order.

Joys and sorrows are the lot of man . . . only a brief period of happiness, and a certain golden afternoon lost its sunlight, when his Helen passed away:

"You draw so near; sometimes I think I see you

Reach out glad hands, while I grow strangely still;

And twilight drifts across a blur of meadows,
Slips down a brook, or blows across a hill."

Then on through the dreary days, until comradeship with his ruddy-cheeked and

shining-eyed little fellows lightened the burden. Eager, laughing, carefree lads, they swung through the years and now no longer needed him . . . Thomas Craig was free.

* * * *

In vain the lawyer urged his client . . . in vain the stalwart sons called upon their father to make his decision. Thomas Craig had painted his masterpiece of love on the canvas of his mind; and as the reverie had ended, the gates of the far off land had opened, and he had entered into eternal beauty.

THIS MONTH'S AUTHORS

RICHARD S. (for "Saint") BURDICK, author of *Going . . . Going . . . Gong!* beginning on Page 7, is Literature Editor of the PEN.

He likes, he says, to read tragedy and write comedy.

He has written (and is writing) a number of short stories, several of which have been published in the PEN. As for other magazines—well, his collection of rejection slips is equalled by no other in the school.

~

DOROTHY KLEIN, a Senior B, wrote *Life's Fangs* in this issue. She's Essay Editor of the PEN.

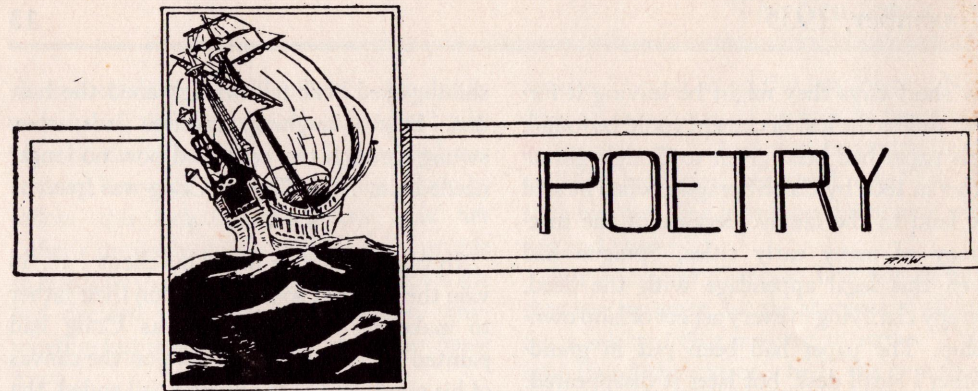
Hobbies are two: tennis and swimming.

Likes to write gloomy stories and read funny ones—just the opposite of her brother author above.

~

ELINOR MOYNIHAN, another of these Senior B's, says she doesn't write a great deal—only when she is seized (as on page 12) with a great literary streak. She likes to read mysteries and romances.

Elinor graces the Gi-Y vice presidency. And her favorite enjoyments are football and girl's athletic—especially hockey.



NOVEMBER

Our garden now is desolate,
The earth is brown and bare;
But in our deep cool cellar
Is provender to spare.

The cellar shelves are gorgeous
With purples, golds, and reds,
Potato bins are bursting
And the cabbage rear fat heads.

The coal bin bulges blackly;
The woodpile still is high;
What of it if November
Has chilled the autumn sky?

We're ready for the winter,
For ice and fireside glow.
Come on in, everybody,
And let old North Wind blow.

Elizabeth Purdy

THE MOON SHIP

The old sea captain's soul was not
Content in Paradise.
He missed his ship, and to and fro
He wandered in the skies
Until he came upon the moon,
A slender, silver boat,
Above the sunset's fading glow
Of rose and gold afloat.

He fitted it with canvas white;
Among the island stars
It voyages the purple dusk
Close-reefed to mast and spars;
Or with its snowy cloths unfurled
It skims the sea of space.
Outlined against its shining sails
We see the captain's face.

Isabelle Sayles

YE RHYME OF YE WYCKED
YOUTHE

Ye gude wyfe wyth ye kindlye hearte
Sayed to herself, "I'll bake a tarte
So large and rounde and gude to see
That yt wyll serve ye guests at tea.

Ye bakyng done, ye tarte she tooke
And set yt yn ye wyndowe nooke,
To coole, that yt myght toothsome be
For all ye noble companie.

Ye wycked youthe came strollyng bye,
Ye goodlye tarte dyd catch hys eye,
'Twas fyrst a nybble, then a byte
And soone ye tarte was oute of syght.

Ye evenyng came, ye supper too,
And all ye guests, goodlye and true,
They sat them downe, ye tyme soone came
When for ye tarte went ye gude dame.

But backe she ran and sadlye cryed,
"I fear yon rogue ye tarte espyed,"
And poyntyng to hys jam smeared lyp,
Ye ladde ye dame began to whyp.

Ye gudely guests wyth eager vymme
Dyd all unyte ye youthe to trymme.
And how ye wycked youthe dyd smarte
Because he stole ye gudely tarte.

Armand Feigenbaum

THANKSGIVING

Football
Crowds and song and cheers
A grey November sky;
Purple banners, rivalry,
Excitement running high!

Later
Spicy smell of sage
And turkey in the air
Contentment, love, security,—
And happiness to spare.

Pilgrims
Centuries ago,
Who prayed on bended knees
Courage, Peace, Humility,—
We thank Thee, God, for these.
Mary O'Boyle

WHAT REALLY COUNTS

All the joy within this world
Begins with little things;
A smile or song may mean so much
Through the happiness it brings.

The act is not what really counts
But what it's meant to show;
For from the smallest deeds of life
Great souls will always grow.

Betty Mitchell

We Eat

By Catherine Donna and Grace Morse

GEE, are onions swell! These epicurean dainties may be most pleasing to the palate, but they aren't half so delicious as juicy, green spinach topped with a big lump of melting butter—our football heroes' diet—or as salted bananas. Yes, salted bananas—and none other than Sonny Couch does the salting. Wahoo! Say, who's afraid of the big bad devil food cake anyhow? Certainly not Elizabeth Purdy. She eats all she can get—so don't blame us if yours is swiped.

Another favorite food is pie—huckleberry, peach, strawberry, apple, and cream being near the top—to say nothing of chocolate, which also ranks high. Rosemary McNaughton is one pie eater. Another is our STUDENT'S PEN Editor, who has a special passion for blueberry. Aspiring girls take notice.

Frank Hines craves fried scallops and French fried potatoes—and he's not the only one. Mary Atkinson likes her potatoes sweet. Bring on the sugar. Speaking of sweet things reminds us that Ernie Renaud enjoys nothing so much as luscious chocolate cake. Irma Palme adores gingerbread and whipped cream. Yum Yum!

A certain George, a bashful boy, likes tapioca pudding. He claims it's easily digested. Paul Pagery, on the other hand, likes spaghetti, good Italian spaghetti, and please make it nice and hot. And spaghetti reminds us of onions. (You can't get away from them.) Gladys Grieger likes hers pickled. Homer King prefers his raw—Margaret Yost says they're excellent dipped in liver, and Stan Scott likes fried onions flavored with hamburger. Quite to the contrary, Harry Sloper wants hamburger flavored with onions.

Soup? Yes, we have everything from soup to nuts. Paul Lasch attributes his success to nuts, and Helen Jansen and Catherine McGill recommend Campbell's soup—tomato and

vegetable respectively. That isn't all, either. In order to keep out old sawbones Mr. Carey suggests apples—but Arthur Phinney says that when the apples are like Mr. Carey's, you'd better make it applesauce. Gangway!

What do you know! Howard Fohrhaltz eats tripe! Don't let Miss Hodges hear that, Howard; it's one of the few things she doesn't like. And we mustn't forget Mr. Conroy's clams. The history teacher in 206 likes all sea food, too, we were informed. And both Mr. Conroy and the history teacher (whose name we won't mention) like salt. He salts oranges, and she salts everything from ice cream to pineapples.

Shades of Euclid! Mr. Herberg goes in for icosahedrons fried in deep fat, and John Neissel consumes mathematical hash by the plateful—to say nothing of mushrooms. Chris Brushkevich shares this passion. What's John Temple looking so pleased about? Ah, we have it—there must be some raw oysters on the half-shell on the menu. Yes, there are, and Wheaties and Wheatena, too, for Helen Krone and Evelyn Santy.

Step right up, Miss Prediger, here's some beefsteak for you and for Marian Keegan.

What have we here? Marjorie Bates is in a dilemma; she can't decide between ice cream and "Coffey". Al Grieve can. He yells for ice cream and lots of it. To change the subject, we hear that Mr. Reagan fries bananas in one of Woolworth's best skillets.

Truffles, waffles, souffles, and other trifles. No, it's not a poem. It's a list of some of the delicacies Miss McCormick prefers. And, in holiday spirit, Miss Pfeiffer puts in a vote for roast turkey.

Last, but not least, ye authors, ant kitty and Duchess, share with the rest of the student body an overwhelming weakness for lollipops—er—raspberry, please.

A Message from the Superintendent



I AM PLEASED to be accorded the opportunity through the STUDENT'S PEN to express to the faculty and student body of the Pittsfield High School my greetings and good wishes.

From an administrative viewpoint, the past year has been one marked by progress throughout the schools with a number of changes initiated in the interest of the pupils of Pittsfield.

May I say a brief word of explanation regarding a major change that is now underway in the three levels of our school system? In abandoning the semi-annual method of promotion in favor of the annual method, I believe we shall better coordinate, unify, and upgrade the work of our schools. Pittsfield is one of but three or four cities in the entire Commonwealth of Massachusetts that have retained the twice-yearly promotion system. It is generally agreed that the hoped-for advantages in the semi-annual system have not produced the desired results. One of the most serious difficulties has been the constant changing of classes and teachers taking

place every few months. In countless instances the pupil's progress has been upset. Under the twice-yearly system, the pupil must try throughout his school life of twelve years to adjust himself to a new environment at periods of five months. Then, too, the cost of the old system is appreciably greater.

In the set-up for bringing about the change every measure has been taken to safeguard the pupil's welfare. The transition is to be a gradual one, extending over a period of four or more years. The February classes now at the High School will continue on to graduation, so that the February, 1939, class will be the last one to graduate at that time. Plans are underway in the Junior High level so that the classes that entered school during the month of February in past years will, it is hoped, be able to accelerate their progress and to be combined with the June graduating classes. In some instances pupils will, necessarily, be retarded.

To accomplish this purpose, courses are being rewritten and revised, and a testing program is being undertaken. Principals and teachers are giving the fullest cooperation in addressing themselves to this task. Intensive work will be done with the various groups, and adjustments made where it is necessary. In every instance, the well being and the interest of the pupil will be given first consideration.

EDWARD J. RUSSELL,
Superintendent of Schools.

November 19, 1935

Emblems of P. H. S.

By Isabelle Knollmeyer and Dorothy Klein

DO you know that for every activity in which you participate in P. H. S. there is a reward waiting for you? Whether your talent is for athletics, music, leadership in traffic, or literature, you are met with high acknowledgment in some attractive emblem of the purple and white.

For instance, let Miss McLaughlin tell you the workings of her point system in girl's gymnasium activities. First of all she lists the following easier methods of obtaining points toward your numerals: good posture, good attendance at classes, neatness, or being a squad leader. Living up to all these requirements for one semester will give you a total of forty-five points. One hundred and fifty points are needed for a set of numerals.

The other means of procuring these numerals are these: making a first team in any activity, winning the sophomore, junior, or senior track meet, being runner-up in the bowling tournament, or holding second or third place in the archery tournament.

The methods of acquiring letters are more complex: four sets of numerals or winning any tournament entitles you to your letter; and if you play on any victorious tournament team, you again win a purple P.

Topping all this is the most cherished of all these awards—the purple and white monogram, granted to the girl who holds four hard-earned letters.

If you have the good fortune to be selected as a squad leader by one of the gym teachers, due to your promising gym attitude, you can secure your emblem at the end of the semester. However, this award must be given up if your good standard is not maintained.

Now, boys, here's where you come in. To gain a P in basketball, football, baseball or hockey, you must compete in at least half of the games. The requirements for the letter in tennis are that you must play in all the matches. For the P in track you must win a point in either Western Massachusetts or Berkshire county meets, or win a second place in any dual meet.

To obtain a Junior Leader's Emblem you must attend faithfully the leaders' classes for one semester. To secure a Leader's Emblem you must attain proficiency on at least two pieces of the gymnasium apparatus.

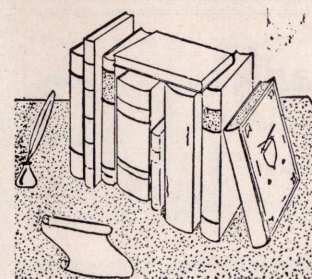
Those of you with talent in speaking should join our Debating Club. If you make the debating team, you are given a monogram with the school letters in white on a purple background.

Now if you're not a gymnast in any form and not an orator, then perhaps you toot a trumpet or other instrument. Members of the band and orchestra are given emblems in the form of a lyre with the letters P. H. S.

You may wish to develop your powers of leadership. If so, you become a member of the traffic squad. Their badge is a purple P with a white T and white service bars.

And then there is the STUDENT'S PEN Club. If you are on the staff for a year, or edit a department for half a year, and are approved by the editor and the faculty adviser, you receive a purple quill surmounted by a circle with the school letters.

These, then, are the letters offered in Pittsfield High School. You have seen them around the school, we have told you about them; now you go get 'em.



Books on Parade

By Fred Stebbins

THIS month nearly every country in the civilized world celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the "most universally beloved" American writers. From London to Honolulu on the nineteenth of this month commemorative exercises and dinners will be given for this outstanding man of letters, Samuel Langhorn Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, the unforgettable creator of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and the author of scores of other books equally worthy of being read and loved. Humorist and humanist, he is just as interesting to read now as he was fifty years ago. Renew your acquaintance with those inimitable characters, Tom and Huck, or if you wish, try *Innocents Abroad* and *Pudd'n-Head Wilson*. You won't be let down or disappointed—not by Mark Twain.

You will be excited and fascinated and dig up a good many interesting bits of information in *Trailing Cortez Through Mexico*, by Harry A. Franck. Mr. Franck supplies us with some very fine personal accounts of Mexican life. The special drinks of the Mexicans, their foods, and habits of living and thought are set down very dramatically. And this concerns a country about which we should be well informed.

Well, Philo Vance is back! And the moment he returns he is straightaway plunged into *The Garden Murder Case*, said by many to be as good as any S. S. Van Dine has ever written. . . . The plot is "clear cut, mystifying

and absorbing" and as a side issue gives one a peek into the intricacies and history of horse racing.

Home Ranch, by Will James, I will unconditionally recommend to anyone and everyone to read. It is Will James at his best. After you finish the book you feel as though you really knew the West of yesterday and today. There is no gunplay as in the conventional Western story, but you don't feel the absence of it—rather you feel more convinced of the story's genuineness. Will James has command of a rough and ready humor, and imbues his books with some folklike, down-to-the-earth good will. What I am trying to say is that after reading *Home Ranch*, or any other book by him, you find that there is a very delightful, cool, clean taste left in your mouth and mind. . . . It's a darn good tonic.

Fans that want a collection of poems that have enough subtle humor and just the balance of seriousness—modern verse, in fact—will do well to read *The New Yorker Book of Verse*. Compiled during the first ten years of the *New Yorker*, it's a cool survey of the best material of those years. And this is not only for poetry fans, either, because everyone will indulge in a sizable number of laughs while reading it. If you don't particularly like poetry, glance through it anyway—the chances are that you will find a few poems to fit your fancy.

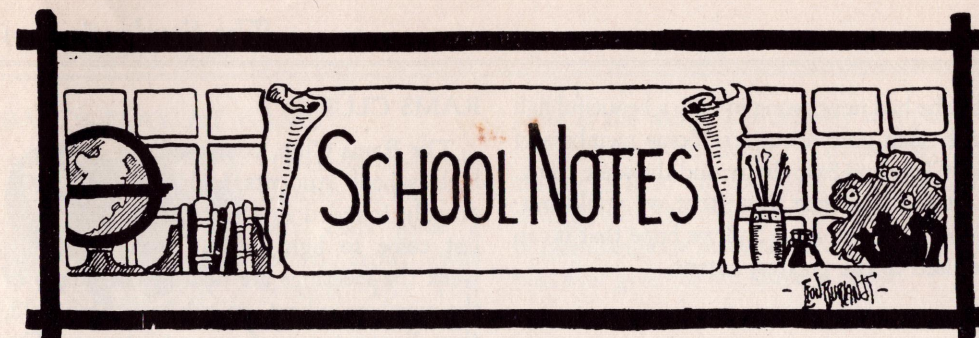
Just a word about another sea story that

(Continued on page 35)

Thanksgiving Thanks

By Helen Gay, Dorothy Sharley, and Virginia Wade

NAME	RENDERS THANKS
Mary Conry	For the one Senior A who pays his class dues regularly.
Bill Evans	For fine spirit of the Senior B class.
Buddy Evans	That Thanksgiving will terminate the football season of P. H. S. and will commence the more gentle sport called basketball; also, that for two weeks he will be able to walk on North Street after nine without fear of being seen by the coach.
Mr. Geary	That he is alive.
Miss Gerret	That there are still turkeys.
Gunnar Hagstrom	For the A's he didn't get.
Mr. Herberg	For his prandial semi-oblate ovoid ellipsoids.
Mr. Herrick	That the last day of school comes only once a year.
Polly Hopkins	That she has only one brother.
Bob Hopkins	For all he has accomplished during his high school career.
Miss Kaliher	That the <i>Johnson Socialist System</i> has failed to socialize the turkeys, for if they absolutely refused to be killed what would Thanksgiving Day be?
Pete Kellar	For splendid spirit and cooperation brought about in the football team by Coach Stewart.
Bunny Millet	That we have such a good football team that we're bound to beat St. Joe's Thanksgiving Day.
Miss Morse	That youth is teachable, at least in most cases.
Elinor Moynihan	That the Cape Cod cranberry bogs weren't submerged by the earthquake.
Betty Nichols	For the two days' vacation at Thanksgiving.
Miss Parker	That there is no ice on the front steps.
John Retallick	That the Junior A class has selected such a capable and experienced class adviser.
Helen Roark	For the swimming pool and the instruction received there that enables P. H. S. to come out on top.
Esther Strout	That Mr. Goodwin requires his faithful Vergil scholars to memorize only thirty-seven figures of speech such as aposiopesis, synecdoche, or onomatopoeia.
Mr. Strout	For the STUDENT'S PEN, a school paper of which we may well be proud.
Steve Trepacz	That he can extend his thanks to the football players who made the team a successful one.



ROBERT JACOB, Editor
John Cooney Silvia Feinstock Elliot Weisgarber

EDUCATION WEEK



and become acquainted with the teachers.

As its particular contribution to Education Week Pittsfield High School invited the parents of the 10B students to visit the school. A meeting was held in the auditorium at 1:45 and the following program was presented: "A Word of Welcome" by Mr. Strout, an Orchestra number under the direction of Mr. Smith, two dance numbers by a group of girls under the direction of Miss McLaughlin, a tumbling exhibition by the boys under the direction of Mr. Carmody, and an address by Miss Parker on "The Work of the School."

The pupils then took their parents to meet the teachers and inspect the building. Refreshments were served in the cafeteria at 3.30 by the girls of the Home Economics Department.

DR. GILL SPEAKER

On Thursday, October 31, Dr. Gill from the Massachusetts Department of Health, who did the X-ray work in the tuberculosis survey, demonstrated the X-ray machine to the nutrition classes. Dr. Gill also explained the tuberculosis pictures; how they were read, and what the doctors looked for.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL FORMED

This year the intra-mural athletic council is under the direction of Bill Nesbit, a post graduate. His assistants are Robert Hopkins of 12A, James Sweeney of 12B, John Retallick of 11A, Phillip Cayburry of 11B, and Bruce McDonald of 10A. The Sophomore B class does not have a representative.



THE NEW AMPLIFYING EQUIPMENT

Several weeks ago at an assembly Mr. Strout demonstrated before the entire student body a newly-installed amplifying apparatus recently purchased by the city. The demonstration proved to be a success and it is hoped that it will be used at all coming assemblies.

We have been in the need of an apparatus like this in our auditorium for a considerable time. As we all know, the acoustics are not very good and to speak or perform in our auditorium is more of a bore than a pleasure. The amplifying equipment will help eliminate this feeling.

It is interesting to note the comments of the many singers and musicians who have performed in our auditorium. Lawrence Tibbett, when he sang here last winter, said



that he had never sung in such a beautiful hall with such poor acoustics. Some members of the Cleveland Symphony said the same thing.

It is a very fine thing that we could purchase this equipment and we hope that it can be used to the greatest extent.

THE GREAT AWAKENING



At last the day has come to lend thine eyes to pleasant reading about the little known and least understood Commercial Department of P. H. S. For many years this supreme department has been pushed back into seclusion while the other departments stood in the limelight. But there comes a day in the life of every department—well, anyway, here we are.

The Commercial Department, along with other advantages, offers practical experience to the student in his Senior year. Each week thirteen students are sent to the following offices: Pittsfield High School, Central Junior High School, Tucker School, Continuation School, Pittsfield High School Bank, Mr. Carmody, and Room 334. During these practice periods each student becomes familiar with various phases of office work including filing, stencil work, bulletin making, school routine, attendance, typewriting, stenography, use of Mimeograph and Duplicating machines. Many desirable qualifications such as independence, responsibility, courteousness, initiative, and cooperation are developed in these contacts.

What is Miss Newton going to spring on her classes next? I wonder how her classes will respond to her newest idea of bright paper with large gold stars for passing all Gregg Tests in Shorthand and Typewriting? Just another of her many good ideas to inspire the little Sophomores who don't quite know what it's all about yet. (But don't you think the Juniors and Seniors are excluded!)

RAMS CLUB

The Rams Club, composed of high school students and supposedly founded in 1892, has at last come to light again. Each week the meetings are held at the homes of the members where, so we have been told, they discuss topics of current interest. The club is at present working on a photography project. It consists of taking pictures of the school and the people in it. These pictures will become part of the cherished club records.

With the eight new members who were recently pledged to the club, the quota of charter members has been filled. If any of you had thought of joining the club, you are simply out of luck because, unless some one resigns, dies, or gets kicked out, there is no chance to become a member.

BAND COMMITTEE

The band committee, chosen to govern the band this year, has elected as its chairman Richard Burdick. He will be assisted by Paul Pagerey, Earnest St. John, Robert Jacob, William Walters, Irving Keene, and Allen Grieve.

Immediately after its formation the committee adopted a new set of band regulations and letter requirements.

FLAG POLE DECORATION

The question isn't "Who killed cock robin"; it's "Who put the orange banner on top of the flag pole Saturday, November 16, after the Turners Falls game?" It aroused considerable interest among the students on the following Monday when they found their flag pole decorated with some merchant's Dollar Day banner. The guilty party has kept pretty quiet, but perhaps W. J. could give us some helpful clues.



BANDS PLAY AT GAME



Despite the cold weather for the Turners Falls game a record crowd was present. The Turners Falls band came with their team and they put on a very excellent demonstration before the game and during the halves, when they played with the Pittsfield High School band. Their band, which is quite a bit larger than ours made a very striking appearance with their blue and white capes.

What happened to the girls that were going to march? Did they get cold feet? Many people have criticized them for not appearing at such an important game. Will the same thing happen at the Thanksgiving game or will the girls muster up enough courage to march? Where's your school spirit, girls?

JUNIOR A ELECTION

The Junior A class has elected the following officers: president, John Retallick; vice president, William Evans; secretary, Ruth MacWilliams; and treasurer, Yolanda Ander-nello. Thomas F. Geary has been selected as class adviser.

MR. MORGAN LECTURES

On November 8 the first of the six monthly assemblies was held. Mr. Geoffrey F. Morgan, a member of the California legislature and a school and college teacher for twenty years, spoke on the subject, "The Marks of Man". Without question this lecture is one of the finest that the students of this school have heard or ever will hear. His subject was of vital importance to everyone and his remarks on character building should be thought over by every pupil in this building. Mr. Morgan is a true orator in every

sense of the word. His delivery was perfect. His remarks "went home." This man with an abiding faith in the young people of this generation, with the ability to say what he means in plain language made this lecture one of the best ever given to our student body.

SOCIAL DANCING

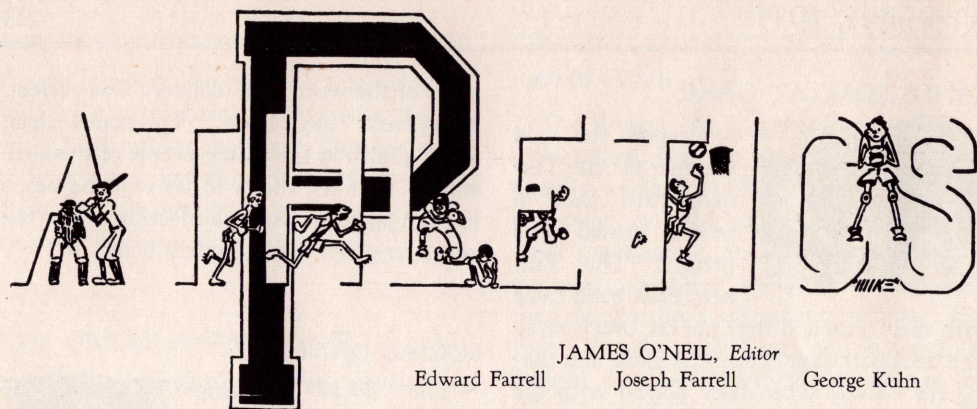
The Social Dancing Classes under the direction of Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin and Miss Margaret Ward are now under way. From Seniors to Sophomores all flock eagerly to the gymnasium awaiting the first strains of the music. Here all have the same chance to learn to dance or improve their steps. With no offense intended, a Sophomore may find his toe on another Soph's toe instead of on the floor. But who cares, we can't all be perfect and it is only to perfect ourselves that we attend these classes.



YEAR BOOK

Under the direction of Charles Kline, the plans for the Senior Class Year Book are rapidly taking shape. We are not able to make any statements as to the contents of the Year Book, but we are sure it will be bigger and better than any year book ever published in Pittsfield High School.

"Will all girls and boys who have not been examined please go to the office immediately." This special bulletin which appeared a while ago caused much interest throughout the school. In fact it was an excellent excuse to get out of an English class or a study hall and, mind you, some people thought they had to be examined two or three times.



THE THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

Pittsfield High and St. Joseph's High will meet on the Common tomorrow for the sixteenth time. Not only will the city title be at stake, but also the Berkshire County title.

This series dates back to 1920 when the two schools met for the city title. Pittsfield is leading by a large margin, having won nine of the games compared to four games for St. Joseph's. Two games resulted in ties. In 1933 the Stewartmen defeated Coach St. James's charges but had to forfeit the game because a player was over age.

So far in the series the Purple and White have scored 142 points to St. Joe's 23. The highest score of a single game came in 1927 when Pittsfield administered a 31 to 0 defeat to the Catholic boys. The rest of the games have been played on a fairly even basis.

Pittsfield High takes the field tomorrow the heavy favorite to win; but it is a well known fact that both teams inject into this game a spirit that is hard to defeat. Pittsfield's record this season is, however, more impressive than that of the parochial school team.

The record of past games is as follows:

	Pittsfield	St. Joseph's
1920	6	0
1921	0	7
1922	0	10
1923	6	0

	Pittsfield	St. Joseph's
1924	19	0
1925	13	0
1926	20	0
1927	31	0
1928	2	6
1929	13	0
1930	13	0
1931	13	0
1932	0	0
1933	6	0*
1934	0	0

*This game was later forfeited to St. Joseph's.

P. H. S. 17—ADAMS 0

A powerful Purple and White eleven out-fought a stubborn Adams combine to win 17-0 in the game on the Common, October 25.

The first touchdown came after a series of first downs by Trepacz, Arigoni, and Barnini. Trepacz carried the ball over from the eighty-yard line. Arigoni converted on a pass from Trepacz.

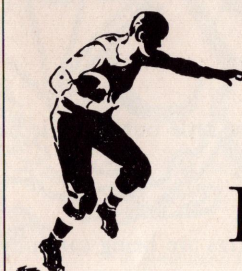
In the second period, after an exchange of punts, Trepacz again scored on a line buck. The conversion came via a placement kick by Kellar. Pittsfield acquired another three points on a 25-yard field goal by Pete Kellar. Play for most of the game was in Adams' territory.

Kowalski of Adams was the star of the day.

(Continued on page 29)

ARIGONI BARNINI BOOTHMAN BOOKLESS CAREY CORADESCHI CIMINI DOYLE

SCOTT
SCULLARY
SHEPARD
WOITKOWSKI
TRUDEN
TREPACZ
SPASYK
SUPRANOWITZ
SHARKEY
RUSSO
RENAUD

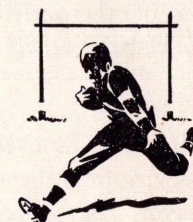


FOOTBALL

1935

A Record That Speaks for Itself

Pittsfield, 6	Lee,	0
	September 28, at Lee	
Pittsfield, 34	Williamstown,	0
	October 12, at home	
Pittsfield, 6	Albany Academy,	0
	October 19, at home	
Pittsfield, 17	Adams,	0
	October 26, at home	
Pittsfield, 25	Drury,	0
	November 2, at North Adams	
Pittsfield, 26	Poughkeepsie,	0
	November 9, at home	
Pittsfield, 6	Turners Falls,	6
	November 16, at home	
Pittsfield,	St. Joseph's,	
	November 28, at home	



BRAMO
EVANS
FERLAND
GLEASON
GILL
HAGSTROM
HOLDEN
KELLAR
LEBLANC
LASCH
MAGNER
MAGNIN

MACHAFIE
NAJIMY
O'CONNOR
PARKER
PYTKO
POLITO
PHAIR
QUADROZI

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Mary McMahon and Mary Atkinson

AT A RECENT ASSEMBLY Miss McLaughlin of the physical training department announced such intriguing plans that all students, girls especially, are anxious for them to get under way. Dancing, basketball, bowling, swimming, all were put forth in such a way that the girls' gym office was besieged by numerous girls anxious to participate in our new sports.

BASKETBALL AND BOWLING, those two favorites of the girls of P. H. S., will start in December. Bowling is scheduled for Tuesdays at the Y. M. C. A.

THE TAP AND SHAWN dancing classes will be keeping Miss Ward and Miss McLaughlin after school Mondays. Social dancing classes will be held three days a week in order to keep peace between seniors, juniors and sophomores. On Wednesdays the seniors will demonstrate their dancing ability, while on Thursday of every week the juniors will show how good they are; and, of course, the sophomores must have their chance on Fridays. The advanced social dancing class will be held on Thursdays from four to five. Among the new dances will be "Streamline," "Collegiate," and the "Madiera". With the beginning of other activities in December all social dancing classes will meet on Thursdays.

WELL, IT LOOKS as if the seniors are tops again, judging from the results of the hockey tournament. They emerged victorious from the hockey fray, but it was a hard-fought victory. The juniors and sophomores were

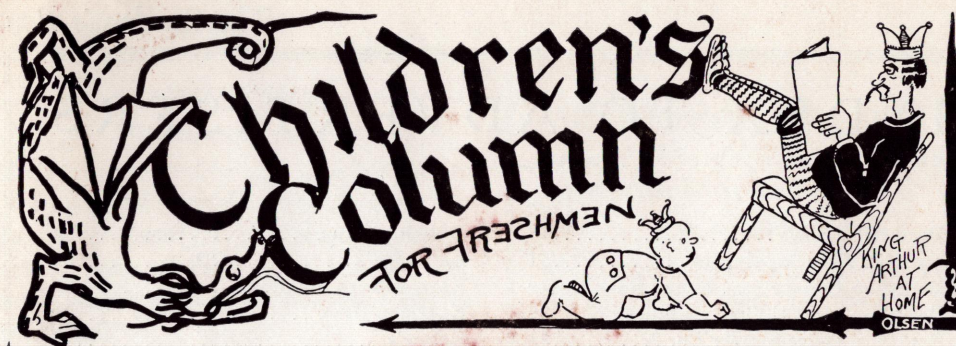
not going to let the title out of their hands without a battle.

WORTHY CANDIDATES are being carefully selected from the numerous swimmers eager to help the swimming team of P. H. S. make a good showing this season.

PERHAPS A FEW years from now Pittsfield will be represented in the Olympics. At the track tournament some very promising track stars took the honors. Lorraine Millet, better known as Bunny, captured first place with the highest average. Rita Cullen took second place, and Helen Neprava ranked third. Any girl who can chalk up such a score as these girls can, when taking part in the running broad jump, standing broad jump, high jump and basketball throws, certainly deserves a lot of credit.

SPECTATORS at the recent football games beheld a new and interesting event. About forty-five girls dressed in white skirts and sweaters marched onto the field at the half and gave one of the best exhibitions of fancy marching Pittsfield students have ever witnessed. These girls, under the capable direction of Miss McLaughlin, Miss Ward, and Miss Kaliher, formed the letters P. H. S. At the game between Adams and Pittsfield the girls also formed the letter A. Let's have more of these variations at the half; they're always welcome.

THE WINNER of the Rose Symanski-Aldon Yovaisis match will play Muriel Bailey for the title in the tennis tournament.



If your mind is fattening around the waist line, abandon your pride; read the Children's Column and try ant kitty's and Uncle Len's eighteen day diet—it kills or cures.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT—
AN EIGHTEEN DAY DIET

Day 1: A social outcast is a guy who doesn't bring a lollipop to a football game.

qqqqppp

Day 2: Why is John Neissel's nickname "Corky"? You amateur sleuths get busy and find out.

qqqqppp

Day 3: "How do you happen to be wearing that toothbrush?"

"Oh, this is my class pin. I went to Colgate."

qqqqppp

Day 4: Did you know that Mr. Conroy threatened Arthur Phinney, a cute little boy scout, with a good sound spanking for spraying water on the beautiful desks in 320 and that Donald Robbins, the partner in crime, brought Mr. Conroy in some spinach so he'd have strength to do it? Outcome: Phinney graced the front of the room with his presence next day.

qqqqppp

Day 5: Our star trumpet player, Al Grieve, has a young sophomore named "Skipper" on his trail. Note: Her home room is 107.

qqqqppp

Day 6: Judging from the bulletin notice telling the girls to leave their knitting at home, we seem to be harboring a bunch of knitwits.

qqqqppp

Day 7: The question is this: Why does

QUOTABLE QUOTES

HOPKINS: I'm a genius; nobody knows it but me.

MISS KALIHER: That's right; you certainly keep it hidden.

BURDICK: After all, we're only children.

POLITO (to cursing Drury lineman in the North Adams game): Don't swear; we don't like to play with boys that swear.

MISS MILLET: It's about time I cleaned my closet again.

SCOTT: Why is it that everybody laughs whenever I open my mouth?

Stan Scott meander along with that Junior A only on the back stairs?

qqqqppp

Day 8: After considering the stars Jim Sweeney is reputed to have seen after being accidentally sloughed by Mr. Lynch recently, we would say that the latter gentleman is an astrophysicist instead of the common garden variety.

qqqqppp

Day 9: Didja know that Sonny Couch got so many telephone calls after the last PEN that he had to hire a double to sit by the phone and string the girls along so he could go out and play hopscotch?

qqqqppp

Day 10: "Pat" is pretty good at giving his
(Continued on page 33)

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ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 24)

His runbacks of kicks and runs from scrimmage caused Pittsfield no little worry. The passing combination of Trepacz to Kellar proved very effective. Gull, McClintock, and Coradeschi played a fine game on the purple line.

PITTSFIELD HIGH DEFEATS DRURY

Pittsfield High defeated Drury High 25-0 Saturday, November 2, at the State Street Field in North Adams.

The playing of Co-Captain Steve Trepacz, who scored all four touchdowns, was the outstanding feature of the game.

Pittsfield's first touchdown came in the middle of the first quarter, climaxing a drive which netted four first downs. Trepacz scored from the one-yard line. A poor punt aided Pittsfield's next score. In six plays Trepacz scored again. For the third time in the game Trepacz plunged over from the one-yard line. Kellar's attempted placement kick was blocked. The right side of the line opened up and Trepacz went through for his fourth touchdown. Kellar's place kick hit the bar and fell back on the field of play.

Buddy Evans and Co-Captain Kellar played well in the back field, and Ralph Polito and Tiny Lasch excelled on the line.

POUGHKEEPSIE IS BEATEN 26-0

Pittsfield administered a 26-0 defeat to a strong Poughkeepsie team November 9. This was the sixth consecutive game that the Purple and White have blanked the enemy, at the same time running up a total of 114 points.

No serious threats were made by either team in the first quarter; but in the second, after checking a Poughkeepsie drive inches from their goal, the Pittsfield team drove down the field to score the first touchdown.

(Continued on page 31)

AND THEN THE FUN BEGAN
Junior: "My girl's lipstick tastes
better than other girls."

Senior: "I've noticed it."

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ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 29)

Trepacz carried the ball over from the five-yard line. The try for the conversion failed.

In the third period the Purple scored again, after Evans' 20-yard run and a pass from Trepacz to Barnini put the ball in position. Trepacz scored again, and Kellar converted. The visitors then made another long drive, nearly scoring. Evans made a run from mid-field over the goal line, but he stepped outside and it was not allowed.

Pittsfield scored in the final period on a series of passes, Trepacz to Barnini; and Kellar converted. Coradeschi intercepted a pass and made it possible for Trepacz to score the last touchdown.

PITTSFIELD 6—TURNERS FALLS 6

On November 16 a powerful Pittsfield eleven fought an equally powerful Turners Falls combine to a 6-6 tie before a record crowd. As a result both teams will share the 1935 Western Massachusetts Championship. The Turners Falls score marked the first time the locals have been scored on this season. Kulis and Novak were the best groundgainers for Turners Falls, while Buddy Evans performed brilliantly for Pittsfield. Coradeschi played his usual excellent defensive game. Turners Falls scored early in the first period. Taking Trepacz's kick-off on their 10-yard line, they began a beautiful offensive, which ended with the first touchdown of the game. The line buck for the extra point fell short.

Pittsfield's score came early in the fourth period. Turners Falls suffered a 15-yard penalty for unnecessary roughness, and as a result the ball was placed on Turners Falls' 19-yard line in Pittsfield's possession. A pass, Trepacz to Barnini, was intercepted on Turners Falls 13-yard line. "Joe" Gull, the hero of the day, broke through, blocked the visitors' attempted kick and recovered the same on the 2-yard line. Trepacz went over for the touchdown on the next play.

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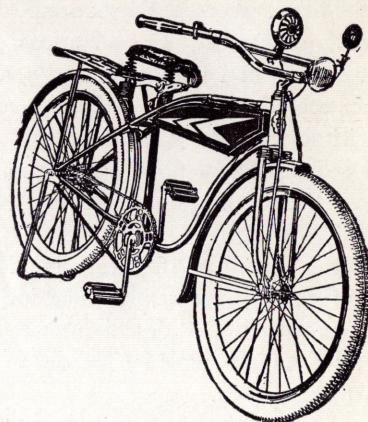
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wool anklets at 50c ...



Holden & Stone Co.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

(Continued from page 27)

opinion on football players along with his
chemistry.

qqqppp



Day 11: Rumor hath it that
"the boys" deposited a bundle
—to wit, Fran Coltrara
swathed in ropes—on Miss
Pfeiffer's porch Hallowe'en
night for her to untie.

qqqppp

Day 12: Definitions, (courtesy Miss
Kaliher's classes:) *formidable*—to be former
neurotic—a person that has neuritis

qqqppp

Day 13: Mr. Geary was a good runner
when he was a boy.

qqqppp

Day 14: Vic Ziemak seems to be angling
for a certain sophomores by doing her
geometry problems.

qqqppp

Day 15: No one seems to know much
about the *Rams Club*—which pleases the
members greatly. At any rate, it seems to be
a club with an appetite; food occupies an
important place on each week's program.
'Tis whispered that a Ram in good standing
will eat anything but lamb, mutton, and
caviar.

qqqppp

Day 16: You shouldn't sit on front
porches, Mr. Sheridan.

qqqppp

Day 17: George Lennox says that he is
trying to be off women, but that everyone
seems to be against him.

qqqppp

Day 18: The p's and q's separating the
days here are a constant reminder that any-
one who minds his P's and Q's and tends to
his own business never reads gossip columns.

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(Continued from Page 19)

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ing*—*Victorious Troy*, from the able pen of the
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full length, surging, salt-sprayed novel of the
sea during the time of the windjammers.

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inherent art of repartee to the fore, get *I Wish
I'd Said That*, by Jack Goodman and Albert
Rice—it's in the school library. I won't say
any more about it, because someone has to be
the goat in some of our jokes, and if everyone
knows the proper cutting remark, our puns
will suffer.

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